

# Newport Mercury.

ESTABLISHED, JUNE 12, 1758.

Volume 104.

## Poetry.

SCOTT AND THE VETERAN.

BY RAYARD TAYLOR.

old and crippled veteran to the War Department came; sight the Chief who led him on many a field of fame—chief who shouted "Forward!" where'er his banner rose, here its stars in triumphs behind the flying foes.

II. "you forgotten, General," the battered soldier cried, "days of eighteen hundred twelve, when I was at your side?" "you forgotten Johnson, that fought at Lundy's Lane?" "I'm old and pensioned, but I want to fight again."

III. "I forgotten?" said the Chief: "my brave old soldier, Not!" "here's the hand I gave you then, and let it tell you so;" "you have done your share, my friend, you're crippled, old and gray, we have of younger arms and fresher blood to day."

IV. "General," cried the veteran, a flush upon his brow, "every men who fought with us, they say, are traitors now; we torn the flag of Lundy's Lane, our old red, white and blue, while a drop of blood is left, I'll show that drop is true."

V. "not so weak but I can strike, and I've got a good old gun, in the range of traitors' hearts and prick them one by one; granate rifles and such arms it ain't worth while to try; didn't get the hang o' them, but I'll keep my powder dry!"

VI. "God bless you, comrade!"—said the Chief—"God bless your loyal heart!" younger men are in the field, and claim to have their part; will plant our sacred banner in each rebellious town, we, henceforth, to any hand that dare to pull it down!"

VII. "General!"—still persisting, the weeping veteran cried; "a young enough to follow, so long as you're my guide; some, you know, must bite the dust, and, at least, can I; give the young ones place to fight, but me a place to die!"

VIII. "They should fire on Pickens, let the Colonels in command; up on the rampart, with the flag staff in my hand; tell how the cannon smoke, or how the shells may fly, hold the Stars and Stripes aloft, and hold them till I die!"

IX. "There a gen'l'man here called Smith!" The artist scrutinized the faces of his fellow travellers, in order to ascertain whether the question were addressed to any of them; and, as no one replied, he himself went up to the servant.

"It appears that I am the only Mr. Smith here; do you want me?"

"I want a Mr. Smith who has arrived by the train from London."

"H'm! but I am unknown to a single inhabitant in this town."

"I know that, sir," answered the groom, "That is the reason why I am sent to you, sir."

"The reason why you are sent to me I'm sure Smith is great astonishment."

"By whom?"

"Perhaps you will be kind enough to follow me," continued the mysterious groom.

"I am ordered to speak to Mr. Smith in private."

A sudden misgiving took possession of Raffaele Smith. "Come, gentleman," he said, addressing his fellow-travellers, "is it a practical joke? If any gentleman present is the author of this piece of mystification, I charge him, in the name of the stomach, the most worthy object of compassion in the world, to avow it at once, and allow me to utilize, without interruption, the few minutes that yet remain!"

In answer to this novel summons, every one protested complete ignorance of what was passing. Smith was resolved to pluck out the heart of this mystery. Curiosity imposed upon the stomach a delay of several minutes, and the artist followed the groom out of the refreshment room. He, however, informed his travelling companions that he would return in the course of a few seconds with the solution of this enigma. The groom who had heard the latter remark, put on a broad grin, and when they were in the street said—

"Beg pardon, sir, but wasn't you having a laugh at them guests? They'll be precious mistakes if they think you are going back to lunch there!"

"I tell you what, young man," replied Smith, irritated by the manner of the groom, "mark me, if you don't explain everything at once—if you have had the misfortune to be charged with a practical joke at my sound a thrashing" (the groom bowed respectfully) "for causing me to lose my train."

"Ah, sir, I miss you're a gent as wishes to have his joke," replied the imperturbable

## Selected Tale.

MARRIED FOR A DINNER.

The down train from London had just entered the Great Cokhampton station; the hour was 9:30 A. M., the time a lovely June morning, a couple of years since.—At Cokhampton, the railway traveller is allowed to leave his carriage for a few minutes, in order to snatch a hasty cup of coffee or a basin of soup; but it being, as every one knows, the custom at Cokhampton to keep both these stimulants at a boiling point, the repast is usually performed under considerable difficulties. Among the rest of those whose steps were directed by appetite toward the refreshment saloon was a straight, long-limbed, handsome fellow, with a brown shooting jacket, brown moustache, and a wide-awake that had seen service. This was my friend Raffaele Smith, of Clipstone Street, London, landscape painter, journeying in the search of backgrounds, foregrounds, and other bits of nature, as he termed them, for his next year's pictures. As this may be a little too technical for the general reader, we may more clearly express what we mean by stating that, according to annual custom, the young artist was a-going to the Western country to sketch from nature.

Now it happened on this particular occasion, that although Raffaele Smith had been out of his bed since dawn, he had spent so much time in packing his easel, canvases, colors, and other baggage of his artistic campaign, that it came to be a question whether he should breakfast and lose the train, or catch the train and lose his breakfast. Breakfast, at the least important, was sacrificed. Accordingly my friend found himself at Cokhampton, some sixty miles from London, with a most acute sense of emptiness of stomach, just as the railway guard was calling out, "Train starts in ten minutes, gents!"

To a man in my friend's unbreakfasted condition, such an intimation could not have the effect of checking the ardor with which a traveller usually seeks the Cokhampton appetite, and the exigencies of the railway time-table, gave promptness to Raffaele Smith's movements, and caused that young lad of art to be among the first of those who sought refectory at Cokhampton's refreshment counters. Accordingly, the pressing injunction of the guard had scarcely been uttered, when my friend found himself at the most plentifully garnished portion of the table. The Cokhampton waitresses are no less neat handed than natty, and Raffaele Smith's appetite would, doubtless, have been quickly appeased, had not the following question interrupted his prefatory order for "Soup?"

"Is there a gen'l'man here called Smith?" The artist scrutinized the faces of his fellow travellers, in order to ascertain whether the question were addressed to any of them; and, as no one replied, he himself went up to the servant.

"It appears that I am the only Mr. Smith here; do you want me?"

"I want a Mr. Smith who has arrived by the train from London."

Now, this was an adventure that commenced in too charming a fashion not to be followed up. Raffaele at once forgot the refreshment counter at Cokhampton, and the next train. He boldly commanded the groom to "Go on!"

"It is not two minutes' walk," answered the servant, leading the way.

"All the better," thought the artist; "for I am literally dying with hunger and curiosity."

But, on suddenly turning a corner out of High Street, Raffaele saw an elegant brougham, into which the groom invited him to enter. The artist took his seat therein, and the driver instantly whipped his horses into a fast pace. Raffaele had learnt nothing from his interrogation of the groom. He threw himself back on the seat, and resigned himself to await the development of this travelling adventure.—

"Ah, ha!" he said to himself, "the whole thing resembles an incident in a play, and I am this moment performing the part of a fashionable lover flying to a secret rendezvous with his lady love. At any rate, I will be a good story to tell my friends—that is, provided the play does not terminate in a ludicrous fashion."

"One thing is certain," he continued, "which is that I don't know a single individual in Cokhampton. Can any of my friends have come down here without my knowledge? No; that hypothesis will not stand, for I left London without telling a single soul where I was going. None of my chums know where I am, and I only intended to bid them good-bye by letter, after I had put fifty miles of railroad before us."

The horses still maintained their fast pace, and Raffaele threw himself back in the carriage, giving free rein to his imagination. "I have it," he cried suddenly, slapping his knee, "I have found the key of the enigma; 'I'll wager that this is the work of Thompson or Megilp.' I don't know which, but I have a dim recollection of one of them telling me he had an uncle living in the neighborhood of Cokhampton. That's it. Either Thompson or Megilp is rustication down here—has seen me get out at the railway station—and (sublime idea) has sent me an improvised invitation. A clever and discreet groom—a mysterious note—I am carried off—I aight at the avuncular door—delightful surprise—introduction—good dinner—capital little party—choice wine—lights—conversation. Ah! a good joke."

Raffaele had no sooner brought his soliloquy to this satisfactory termination than he thrust his head out of the window. He was resolved to put his idea at once upon an authentic basis, by extracting a few confirmatory replies from the groom. "Hi, coachman! just pull up a moment, Young man," he continued, addressing the groom, "I want you to answer me a question."

The coachman pulled up his horses, the groom was at the door in an instant.

"Your mast'r's name is Thompson?" inquired Raffaele.

"The groom touched his hat. "No, sir."

"Then you are in the service of Mr. Megilp?"

"Don't know no person of that name, sir," replied the laconic groom.

Raffaele fell back in his seat, thoroughly routed. In an instant the active groom had resumed his place beside the driver, and the vehicle was whirled rapidly along the road. Raffaele was whirled rapidly along the road.

"Ah, sir, I miss you're a gent as wishes to have his joke," replied the imperturbable

groom. "Now, sir, don't you know very well that you will not leave Cokhampton to-day? As for the lunch, I don't think you will mind that, when you see the magnificent spread getting ready for you up at the villa."

The last phrase, though not more comprehensible than the other portion of the groom's conversation, somewhat calmed the artist's ire.

"Then I am expected to dine by your master?"

"You'll be good enough to speak about dinner with my mistress," answered the messenger.

"A lady, a good dinner, and a mystery!"

"Well," cried Raffaele, flinging off the dust from his boots with his handkerchief, "all that is not very alarming. The adventure is taking a rather interesting turn, once more," he added, speaking to the domestic, "you are quite certain that it is to me, Raffaele Smith, Clipstone Street, London, landscape painter, that your mistress has sent this cordial invitation?"

"You're the very gent, sir," answered the groom, readily, "and here's the note sent to you."

Raffaele hastily snatched a little note which the groom held towards him. The address was plain enough, "Mr. Smith," although the writing was completely unknown to the artist. He tore open the envelope, impatient to see what signature was at the end of the epistle; but, to crown the mystery, the note was anonymous, and contained only these words.

"Mr. Smith is awaited with the greatest anxiety, and he is begged instantly to follow the bearer of this note. Every reliance is placed on his alacrity and discretion."

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"What on earth is she going to say to me?" thought the young painter. "The lady appears to look upon me in the light of friend. I wonder what reason she will assign for my abduction?"

"Ah, sir!" began the lady. "we have been awaiting your arrival with the greatest anxiety. It appears that Charles has not accompanied you, as we requested him to do. At any rate, we have received you."

"Another smile on the part of the lady—giving her, in Raffaele's eyes, the most Sphinx-like attributes.) "I am sure you'll agree with me when I say that that is the essential point. How many thanks and apologies do we not owe you?"

"Owe me, madam! I am sure—yes—ah!" replied the young painter, judging that in such a reply there was nothing to compromise him.

"Yes, sir. But Charles has made you acquainted with the impious motives which have caused us to act in this abrupt manner; and perfectly lady-like, her deportment reassured the bewildered painter. The lady requested the servant to wait outside, advanced, and held out her hand with a smile, in which there was just a shade of elegant and well-bred familiarity. Raffaele responded to this polite reception by making several bows of an aristocratic character.

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by several holes; the band of that article of attire which envelopes the nether extremities, with a view of silencing the murmurs of his stomach, an individual entered the apartment, and Raffaele heard behind him, in a deep bass voice—

"Well, my dear Mr. Smith, are you now ready?"

A glance at that tall, meagre, military form, that hooked nose, that white moustache, told the painter that it was the major. Raffaele was by no means comfortable in spirit as he turned towards the old man. The latter, however, seemed to review him from head to foot with an air of satisfaction.

"Well, my dear Mr. Smith, are you now ready?"

The present attitude of Great Britain and France in relation to the American question, is now attracting the observation of the world. And few in this quarter can be indifferent to the course which these great powers shall eventually pursue. One week ago there appeared to be some difference in the positions which they had assumed as neutrals. But now it appears from the proclamation of NAPOLEON, that privates or other vessels of war in the service of either of the belligerent parties, are prohibited from entering with their prizes into the harbors of both countries; and the points in which the English and French may be said to differ upon this subject, are of little importance compared with those in which they agree. The French proclamation gives notice of the determination of the Emperor, which is, to maintain a strict neutrality between "the government of the Union and the States which propose to form a separate confederation." France, then, is not more inclined to promote a separation of the States, than England has been. But too much reliance may be placed upon the amicable disposition of either.

The English government has signified in the outset its course with fair pretensions of neutrality, but in a manner which has disappointed, no doubt, the general expectations of the loyal portions of the United States. Some at least expected from Great Britain, on this occasion, a return of the favors shown to her by the United States, in the Canadian rebellion of 1838. Great exertions were then made by our federal government to maintain a strictly neutral position between irregular combinations in Canada and the mother country. But notwithstanding the sympathy so extensively felt by American citizens in behalf of Canadian independence, the vigorous measures of the federal government saved to England the continued possession of her remaining North American colonies. The United States then observed the rules of a particular neutrality. The depredations upon the Lakes committed or contemplated by the insurgents against the royalists, were disountenanced and regarded as piracy. But all this has failed to secure a like favor from the British government under circumstances claimed to be in a great degree similar.

So far from returning an equivalent for saving to the United Kingdom the control of Canada, a distinguished London journal maintains that the relations of the two countries are at this critical moment very far from being of an amicable character. Later news is also given in support of such an assertion. Large reinforcements are announced as about to be sent into Canada, for the purpose perhaps, as some will believe, of interfering in the affairs of the United States; and for the purpose no doubt of improving an opportunity, whenever it may be presented, of making the most of our troubles in this country. The relative importance of the British Empire is never overlooked by British statesmen, through motives of friendship for any other power. If their policy had been better understood in our own councils in 1838, our own statesmen might have taken advantage of the distracted sentiments then prevailing among English subjects. This country was not then without sufficient cause for interfering in the Canadian struggle; at least this was the opinion of many, and perhaps of some of our most sagacious public servants.

The morality of governments, however, should be like the morality of individuals, and something better than mere State policy. That *neutrality* was preserved by a particular neutrality between Great Britain and her revolted subjects, in 1838, may have been best in every point of view and especially as a matter of principle, however injudicious with respect to a possible future. Yet knowing the frailty of the English government, it may always be taken as a matter of course, that it will lose no opportunity to weaken or overcome its adversaries or its rivals. The sending of only four thousand troops into Canada must have some significance. It would be difficult, under all the circumstances, to account for this movement, unless Great Britain is preparing for a possible contingency. Among many reports which have been circulated and which need further confirmation, the simple fact is sufficient to put this country upon its guard, as it indicates a possible war with the United States.

POLAND still remains as a most instructive lesson to independent nations, teaching them to avoid the factions and the follies which proved its ruin. No nation can guard itself too well against dissensions at home, or the still more fatal effects of interference from abroad. And Poland is also instructive in showing the impotence of despotism to control the thoughts and aspirations of the heart. The unwillingness of a people to submit to a power which has no just claim to their obedience, and which relies only upon force to maintain its authority, is as much a dictate of nature as incontrovertible principle in the connection between cause and effect. In any free country, nothing would seem to be more impracticable than an arbitrary decree to control the fashion in dress. And whether Russian despotism will be able to suppress the outbreak of significant costumes, is now a matter of experiment. An ordinance has been promulgated in Warsaw which describes and enumerates the articles of dress which the inhabitants of that unfortunate section of the country are prohibited from wearing. They are such as square caps, Polish tunics, amaranth colored waistcoats, necklaces, colored boots and shoes, and any dress of a showy color or unusual in its fashion. To carry out this decree, the new governor who has succeeded GORTSCHAKOFF lately deceased, was expected to declare Warsaw in a state of siege. This is perhaps the most important news of a general nature from the continent by the latest arrival. Though the murderous assault upon a United States Consular officer in Prussia should be more particularly a matter of interest to our American authorities. It was set upon, it is reported, by three Prussian officers and miserably mangled while on his way returning to his residence. But he effected his escape, and has been reported to be already out of danger from the wounds he then received. Were our government happily relieved from the deplorable civil strife now raging between different portions of the Union, immediate attention would no doubt be paid to the disgraceful imposition of this outrage. But if there shall be no good remedy for our national distraction, Americans will become the objects of general contempt in Europe.

The Ocean House was thrown open on Thursday last, and every portion of the house looked as neat and cheerful as one could desire. Messrs. KIRKNER & BURCH have succeeded in establishing a reputation for the Ocean which is known throughout the country, as the success of their enterprise fully demonstrates. A large party of gentlemen partook of the superb dinner which was furnished for this occasion, after which an hour was spent in exchange of sentiments and delivery of speeches.

AMONG the reports of the week, there is one which it may not be out of order to notice merely as a report. Though at a time when the next few days perhaps will witness the most astonishing scenes ever exhibited on this continent, or even in the world, of the same appalling description, the public will take care not to believe unauthenticated news too readily. The aspect of affairs in Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky and Tennessee presents indeed the probable approach of a collision upon which may hang the fate of the future for many ages. Under such circumstances however the imagination and also the invention are apt to be too fertile in the production of wonderful stories. Still there may be a mixture of truth in the report, to which allusion has been made, that JEFFERSON DAVIS has actually made a proposition, in general terms, to the executive government at Washington for the conclusion of peace between the two sections of the American Union. The sum of the proposition is said to be, that the President and his Cabinet should recognize the independent nationality of the "Confederate States." But if this is all, there is no great degree of internal probability in the report. However, it may be an artifice to gain time. As it is said, that, inasmuch as no definitive arrangement could be made without the sanction of Congress, the action of that body would be necessary; yet the progress of the war might be so managed that no aggressive acts should in the meantime be committed on either side. He did not, according to the report, propose an armistice till the fourth of July, but only that things should remain as at present till that day should arrive. No information however is given of any answer having been made; but what is rather remarkable testimony it is stated positively that no answer had been made, though it was certain that the proposition had not been rejected. The reasons assigned for this extraordinary communication are thus set forth:—"That 400,000 men, or rather brothers—should thus be arrayed against each other with the most destructive weapons of war in their hands, is a sight from which the patriot turns away appalled." And again; "if possible let us avert a collision, the horrors of which will have no parallel."

But the time is past for Compromise—there can be none. The struggle in which we are now engaged is for supremacy and either the Federal Government or the Southern Confederacy as it is called must demonstrate its ability to govern, and as the North has every means to crush out rebellion, there can be no doubt of ultimate success, if with energy and perseverance we combine a fair amount of patience.

The usual vacation of the Naval School will be dispensed with this year, and a week's holiday only allowed for the Middies to visit their homes. At the commencement of the usual term in September the vacancies will be filled, and the number should then be more than four hundred, but how they are to be appointed from the rebellious States remains for Congress to decide. There are loyal citizens in those States, and we have no doubt the number could be found to which the South is entitled, but as there are no members of Congress to make the appointments, they will have to be made by some special act.

Efforts are being made by citizens of Maryland to have the Academy returned to Annapolis; others are anxious to have it located in Perth Amboy, N. J.; and we have no doubt a similar desire exists at other localities for the same, but, unless it is returned to Annapolis, we can see no reason why it should be removed from here. At Annapolis all the buildings remain, but Government cannot with any degree of safety move the Academy to Annapolis, or allow those who are in tender years to associate daily with those whose minds are poisoned with rebellion and disloyalty to the Government of which they are being trained to uphold and defend. Perth Amboy has a sickly climate, and not at all suited for the position of the School.

If the School should remain here during the winter, we have sufficient accommodations, as one of the hotels could be leased with its furniture and steam-pipes led throughout, to warm the house. Either of them is sufficiently large to accommodate the entire School, and being in a quiet part of the city are admirably suited for the purpose. The city has offered to make an exchange of land, and furnish to Government a spot unsurpassed anywhere in America for this purpose, and Rhode Island looks to Congress to place it within her waters, where she may protect it with loyal care.

THE fashionable season has commenced with prospects very cheering, considering the disturbed state of affairs. There are one hundred and twenty-seven houses in this city owned by people in different sections of the country, and already a very large number of them are occupied and the daily arrivals indicate the occupancy of all of them. Of the houses which are usually rented we learn that a very large number have been engaged and applications are being received daily for others, but as matters are so very uncertain the time of lessing them has been put off until later in the season than usual. During the next month we shall seem to be more impracticable than an arbitrary decree to control the fashion in dress. And whether Russian despotism will be able to suppress the outbreak of significant costumes, is now a matter of experiment. An ordinance has been promulgated in Warsaw which describes and enumerates the articles of dress which the inhabitants of that unfortunate section of the country are prohibited from wearing. They are such as square caps, Polish tunics, amaranth colored waistcoats, necklaces, colored boots and shoes, and any dress of a showy color or unusual in its fashion. To carry out this decree, the new governor who has succeeded GORTSCHAKOFF lately deceased, was expected to declare Warsaw in a state of siege. This is perhaps the most important news of a general nature from the continent by the latest arrival. Though the murderous assault upon a United States Consular officer in Prussia should be more particularly a matter of interest to our American authorities. It was set upon, it is reported, by three Prussian officers and miserably mangled while on his way returning to his residence. But he effected his escape, and has been reported to be already out of danger from the wounds he then received.

WE record to-day among those who have died during the previous week, one who was highly esteemed by all our citizens. ROBERT P. LEE, Esq., late Cashier of the Rhode Island Union Bank, died on Saturday last, in the 64th year of his age. For many years we have known him, and always found his transactions marked with openness, honor and punctuality. The confidence of his fellow-citizens has been repeatedly attested in the various trusts committed to his care, which he has discharged with the most invariable integrity. He was elected one of the Board of Directors of the R. L. Union Bank when he was but 24 years of age, and in 1847 he was chosen Cashier, which position he held at the time of his death. As a man of business, he united industry, strict attention, skill and integrity, with liberality of feeling and active benevolence. His family and relatives, to whom he was uniformly affectionate, while they lament his loss, cannot but find the most heartfelt consolation in the re-collection of his virtues.

REY. SPALDING will preach at All Saints' Chapel to-morrow, (Sunday,) the 30th inst. Morning service 10 1/2 o'clock; afternoon service at 4 o'clock.

Lieutenant Colonel PIEMON arrived at Providence on Monday. He comes to recruit his health.

## ORDER OF PROCESSION FOR THE 85th ANNIVERSARY

### OF THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES.

MILITARY ESCORT, COL. SWAN, COMMANDING.

ARTILLERY COMPANY, COL. FLUDDER.

ARTILLERY OLD GUARD, COL. SWAN.

CHIEF MARSHAL, COL. GOULD AND STAFF.

AID.

MAJOR GENERAL GOULD AND STAFF.

CAR.

WITH CHILDREN.

AID.

RISE ISLAND PAYS HER RESPECTS TO THE PRESIDENT.—A Washington correspondent of the *Boston Journal* writes, under date of the 18th.

Rhode Island paid her respects to the President yesterday afternoon. Her two regiments, batteries, led by her youthful, unassuming general, came down New York Avenue, with full bands playing superbly, marched past the President's mansion, and were reviewed by President Lincoln. They returned to their camp through Pennsylvania Avenue. The drill squads, outfit, and soldierly appearance of the troops were universally praised; and that was all Rhode Island was ahead of all the other states in putting her troops upon a war-footing.

There was no holiday finer, but a few capital, serviceable outfit. Every officer knew his duty and performed it. Gov. Sprague has appointed a committee of inspection. His Quartermasters and Commissaries are efficient men.

The Governor is with the troops, and although he is young and wears glasses, he is enlightened enough to look after every department. There are no complaints, no grumblings about poor food, in the Rhode Island camp. The men are hearty, rugged and stalwart. No march march more erect than they, and as they marched through the admiring throng of spectators, it was plain to see that they were proud to be sons of Little Rhody.

Colonel Burrows is thorough in his discipline. He has more confidence in him and in themselves. With the two batteries of rifled cannoneers—twelve pieces—they form a powerful little army, backed as they are by the resources of the seven-and-a-half State—small that the batteries can hardly experiment at home with endangering life and property outside her boundaries. All honor to Rhode Island! By the way she can claim the right of the column in the army of the Union.

A CATHOLIC PRIEST'S WAR SPEECH.—The Sunday after the President's proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand troops, Father Cudron, the priest of the large Catholic church in Auburn, preached a war sermon, as did also a deacon in Auburn. The other sermons were said to be up to the times, but Father Cudron's was conceded on all hands to be the most pertinent. He said substantially:

"I wish every man who can leave his family, to soldi. The flag of the Union, the Irishman ever had that he could call his own country. The flag of stars and stripes is the only flag we can fight under, and defend as our own flag. Now, in the time of the nation's peril, will every Irishman show that he is worthy to be part of a great and glorious nationality. Now, when the American flag is bombarded and struck down by treachery, let every Irishman show that he is true to the flag which always protects him. I want every Irishman who hears me to enlist if he can.

There are two classes whom I most inspire—enemies and traitors; and those who are enlists, and do not, are either one or the other?"

Special Notices.

**THE NEW GOVERNOR OF WESTERN VIRGINIA.** Frank M. Pierpont, Esq., who has been chosen Governor of Virginia by the recent Convention held at Wheeling, is a native of Marion county in that State. He is about forty-five years of age, and has had a varied life, having been a high reputation at Fairmont, the county-seat. He was liberally educated, and possesses a strong and energetic mind and is a thoroughly practical man. He has been an exemplary member of the Presbyterian Church, and his character is without a stain. He was recently appointed a brigadier, and contributed to the brilliant affair in New York by steamer Empire State, on that evening closing the season and retiring to his home.

Doors open half an hour previous. The Little General will appear in all his famous impersonations, Songs, Dances, Grecian Statues, &c., &c., assisted by Mr. W. Tomlin, the Great English Baritone and Buffo, from the Nobility Concerts. Broad & Biscuit is by a more easily digested than by any other. Try one paper, and you will not fail to use it ever after. Have the Gold Medal or none. Grecians and Dragoons keep it.

Manufactured by Atter & Taylor, Esq., Canal & Canal, New York, and at wholesale by the trade everywhere and at all New York class houses.

A spy system, by which letters were carried some thirty miles down the Potomac and thence across to Jeff Davis, has been discovered. Small ferry boats were used for transmission of the intelligence, and now the whole affair is to be ferreted out.

**RE GILT CATTLE MARKET.—Thursday Last.** At market 1100 Beef Cattle, 95 Stores, 1600 Sheep and Lambs, and 1000 Swine.

**Beef Cattle—Extra \$5.75; first quality \$6.50;**

**Sheep—\$2.50 a head for third quality \$3.50;**

**Lambs—\$3.50 a head;**

**Swine—Ferlings—None; two years old none;**

**Three years old \$18.19.**

**Horses—1 & 2 & 3 yrs.—Fellows—Sales at 60;**

**Sheep & Lambs—\$1.25 a head;**

**Fellows—\$2.50 a head;**

**Swine—Hogs—\$0.50 a head;**

**Goats—\$1.50 a head;**

**Peas—\$1.50 a head;**

**Wool—\$1.50 a head;**

**Flax—\$1.50 a head;**

**Hay—\$1.50 a head;**

**Grain—\$1.50 a head;**

**Leather—\$1.50 a head;**

**Wood—\$1.50 a head;**

**Leather—\$1.50 a head;**</p

